

NOCTURNE

(Nocturne Pyrénéen)

DUET

FOR CONTRALTO & BASS OR MEZZO SOPRANO & CONTRALTO

The French Words by

ARMAND SILVESTRE

The English Version by

R. H. ELKIN

The Music by

C. CHAMINADE.

Popular Songs by the same Composer:

A SONG OF FAITH (Viatique).....	F. G. B ^b .	MADRIGAL.....	B ^b C. D. E ^b .
AMOROSO.....	B ^b C. E ^b .	RITOURNELLE.....	D ^b E ^b F.
AS IN OCTOBER (Amour d'Automne).....	E ^b G.	SERENATA.....	D. F.
BERCEUSE.....	C. E ^b .	SPANISH LOVE-SONG (Chanson Espagnole).....	D ^b E ^b F.
CAPTIVE LOVE (L'Amour Captif).....	C. E ^b .	THE BIRDS' NOËL (Le Noël des Oiseaux).....	D. E. G.
COME, MY LOVE, TO ME (Viens, mon bien Aimé).....	E ^b F.	THE SILVER RING (L'Anneau d'Argent).....	D ^b E ^b F.
DREAM OF AN HOUR (Rêve d'un Soir).....	D. F.	THINE! (Toi!).....	A ^b B ^b D.
I WOULD BELIEVE (Tu me dirais).....	E ^b F. A ^b .	TWO HEARTS (Deux Cœurs).....	E MINOR. F MINOR
LOVE'S GARDEN (Si j'étais Jardinier).....	F. A ^b .	WHERE'ER LOVE HAS PASSED (Partout).....	G. A. B ^b .
ANGELUS.....	DUET..... MS. & B. or C.	NOCTURNE.....	DUET..... C. & B. or C. & MS.
BARCAROLLE.....	DUET..... MS. & B. or C.	TWIN STARS.....	DUET..... S. & C.

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NEW SONGS BY CELEBRATED COMPOSERS.

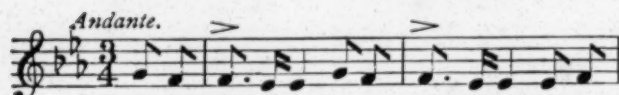
A Heart's Whisper.

BY
PICCOLOMINI.

First Verse.

O that happy day, when we dreaming lay
'Mid the new-mown hay, Sweetheart!
O the love-lit hours, in the wild rose bow'rs,
'Mid the clover flow'rs, Sweetheart!
Now the cold winds moan, all the joy has flown,
And I'm sad and lone, Sweetheart!
For you come no more from that far-off shore,
And I'm weeping sore, Sweetheart!

G. HUBI NEWCOMBE.



O that happy day, when we dream-ing lay, 'Mid the

In three keys: C, E flat (D to E flat), and F.

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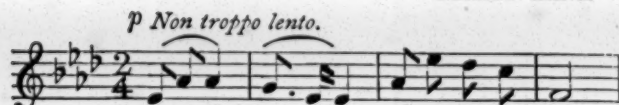
Life's Lullaby.

BY
GERALD LANE.

First Verse.

The little ones grow weary,
Grow weary of their play,
The merry eyes are closing,
The toys are put away.
The mothers in the twilight
Are singing sweet and low
The songs we sang in childhood's years,
Old songs of long ago.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep and do not fear;
Lullaby, lullaby,
Love watcheth near.

GERALD LANE.



Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Sleep and do not fear,

In three keys: F, A flat (D flat to F), and B flat.

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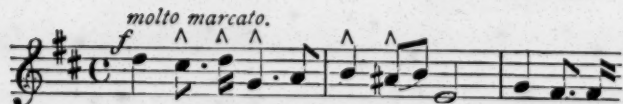
Bygones.

BY
FRANCES ALLITSEN.

First Verse.

Though word of love be never said
Again to me from lips of thine,
Though life must pass, and love be dead,
Ere thou shalt know this love of mine,
'Tis joy to feel by land or sea,
Where'er thou art, whate'er the scene,
No soul beside can ever be
So near to thine as mine has been.

ELLIS WALTON.



No soul beside can ev-er be So near to

In two keys: D (D to D) and F.

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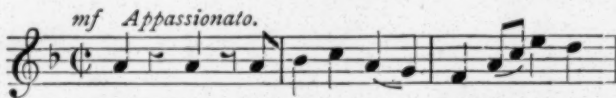
Daphne's Love.

BY
LANDON RONALD.

First Verse.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter air;
Drift, O clouds, apace;
Wherefore need I to despair,
I have Daphne's face.
Turn, O sun, to saddest grey;
Stars forsake the skies;
I have light upon my way,
I have Daphne's eyes.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.



Freeze, freeze, thou bit-ter air; Drift, O clouds, a

In three keys: E flat, F (E to F), and G.

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Echoes of Olden Times

FIRST SERIES.

10

EARLY ENGLISH SONGS.

A Faithless Swain	...	F, A ^b	...	Arne
Celia's Charms	...	C, E ^b	...	Arne
Come, Rosalind	...	E, A ^b	...	Arne
Contented I am	...	B ^b , D	...	Anon.
Dance Song ("Come and Trip it")	A, B			Handel
For Freedom	...	A ^b , B ^b	...	Anon.
Phyllis	...	E ^b , G	...	Arne
She lives in the valley below	B ^b , D			Hook
The Land of Delight	...	B, D	...	Anon.
Ye Fauns and Ye Dryads	...	B ^b , D	...	Arne

ARRANGED BY

Mary Carmichael.

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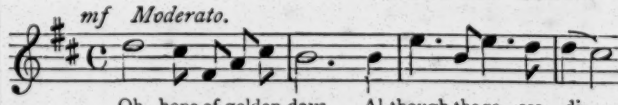
A Dream of Golden Days.

BY
PAUL RODNEY.

First Verse.

'Twas but a rose you gave me once in greeting,
When all our world was bright in merry May;
That flow'r, the token of our earliest meeting,
Lives in the mem'ry of a vanished day.
Oh, hope of golden days,
Although the roses die,
I cherish still the flow'r
You gave in days gone by.

KATHLEEN GREEN.



Oh, hope of golden days, Al-though the ro-ses die,

In three keys: C, D (D to F sharp), and E.

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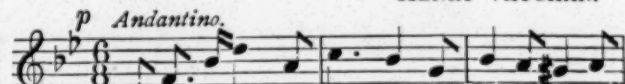
My Dream of You.

BY
PAUL RODNEY.

First Verse.

'Twas rose-time, do you remember?
We walked among the flow'rs,
The nightingales above us
With music fill'd the hours;
Amid the moonlight splendour,
They sang in happy throng,
And all the time your heart and mine
Like theirs were filled with song.
Dreaming of you at twilight, I hear them singing still,
Breath of the new-born roses comes floating o'er the hill;
Love tells the old, old story that evermore is new,
This is my dream at twilight, this is my dream of you.

HENRY VAUGHAN.



Dreaming of you at twi-light, I hear them singing

In three keys: A flat, B flat (D to F), and C.

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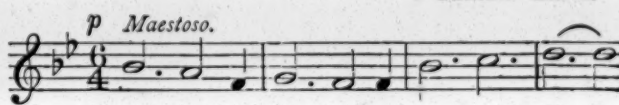
The Unseen Kingdom.

BY
GERALD LANE.
(With Organ or Harmonium Accompt. ad lib.)

First Verse.

Within its gates eternal
I saw the blest redeem'd,
The crosses they had borne on earth,
'Neath crowns of glory gleam'd;
The tears of life they once had shed,
The echo of its sighs,
Became a song of joy divine,
A song that never dies.
"Father Almighty, we sing to Thee,"
Peal'd forth glad voices by the crystal sea,
"Through endless ages let all things say,
Gloria Tibi, Domine!"

GERALD LANE.



"Fa-ther Al-migh-ty, we sing to Thee,"

In two keys: G (B to D) and B flat.

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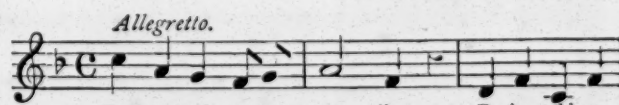
Man Proposes!

BY
J. L. ROECKEL.

First Verse.

Tom was going to Australia,
So he told me drearily,
And I felt quite sorry for him,
He was so in love with me!
But of course I could not help him,
For, as everybody knows,
It is not right, now is it?
For a woman to propose!

FLORENCE HOARE.



Tom was going to Aus-tra-lia, So he told me

In three keys: E flat, F (C to E), and G.

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NOCTURNE.

(NOCTURNE PYRÉNÉEN.)

(Duet for Contralto and Bass or Mezzo Soprano and Contralto.)

Poésie de ARMAND SILVESTRE.

English Version by R. H. ELKIN.

Music by
C. CHAMINADE.

Lento assai.

♩ = 54.

PIANO.

CONTRALTO OR MEZZO SOPRANO.

BASS OR CONTRALTO.

Slow-ly the sun sinks to rest Leav-ing all the brightness clouded And the mountain's no-ble crest
Sur le so-leil con-su-mé Dont la cendre est fai-te d'ombre, Les mon-tagnes ont fer-mé

Fare-well, gold-en
A-dieu, beau so-

In the sa-ble gloom en-shroud-ed; Si-lence reign-eth all-a-round,
Leurs ri-deaux d'a-zur plus som-bre; Aux fris-sons de l'air lé-ger

sun! ——— Ah, come! ——— love-ly ——— night! —
 — leil! ——— Sa-lut, ——— bel-le ——— nuit! —

And a-bove in a-zure clear, Far a-way from earth's dull sound,
 Ils trem-blent comme des toi-les, Où bien-tôt va se fi-ger

mf

pp

love-ly night!
 bel-le nuit!

p dim:

Glit-tring stars will soon ap-pear!
 Lor-des premiè-res é-toi-les!

p *pp* *pp* *f*

Poco più presto.

f

A-rise, — evening star!
 Sa-lut, — bel-le nuit!

f

Fare-well, — gold-en sun!
 A-dieu, — beau so-leil!

ff *pp* *f*

pp *più f*

As the ling - 'ring day is slow - ly de - clin - ing, The
Vous ap - pa - rais - sez, no - bles Py - ré - né - es, De

pp *più f*

As the ling - 'ring day is slow - ly de - clin - ing, The
Vous ap - pa - rais - sez, no - bles Py - ré - né - es, De

pp

2 *And*

poco cres:

moon climbs the sky, her sil - ver rays shin - ing,
nei - ge plus blanche en - cor cou - ron - né - es,

poco cres:

moon climbs the sky, her sil - ver rays shin - ing,
nei - ge plus blanche en - cor cou - ron - né - es,

poco cres:

f *dim:*

Till all the hills glow with light from a - far.
Sous les rayons clairs dont la lune luit.

f *dim:*

Till the hills all glow with light from a - far.
Sous les rayons clairs dont la lune luit.

f *dim:*

ppp calmo assai.

At the moun-tain's foot, down a - mid the hea - ther,
 Au pied de vos monts où, par - mi la mous - se,

ppp calmo assai.

At the moun-tain's foot, down a - mid the hea - ther,
 Au pied de vos monts où, par - mi la mous - se,

ppp

Foam - ing tor - rents feed a hun - dred streams,
 Le tor - rent se - perd en mil - le ruis - seaux;

Foam - ing tor - rents feed a hun - dred streams,
 Le tor - rent se - perd en mil - le ruis - seaux;

calmo assai.

dolcissimo.

3

And their sil - v'ry tongues, chim - ing all to - ge - ther,
 Cou - lant de leur cœur, u - ne voix bien dou - ce

And their sil - v'ry tongues, chim - ing all to - ge - ther,
 Cou - lant de leur cœur, u - ne voix bien dou - ce

*sempre dolcissimo.**mf*

Fill our drow - sy hearts with lov - ers' dreams. A -
 Mur - mure à nos cœurs un chant du ber - ceau. Au -

sempre dolcissimo.

Fill our drow - sy hearts with lov - ers' dreams.
 Mur - mure à nos cœurs un chant du ber - ceau.

dolcissimo.

3

marcato.

-round us now the sha-dows throng, Ma - gic hov - ers ev - 'ry - where;
 -tour de nous tout s'en-cha - te Au fris - son de l'air lé - ger;

*mf**cres:**f*

Hark to the shepherd's ev - en-song Rising thro' the trem - bling air.
 En-tends le pâ - tre qui chan - te A lé - toi - le du ber - ger.

*cres:**f*

Tempo I mo
p dolce.

Round us now shadows throng,
Autour de nous tout s'enchan-

Tempo I mo
p dolce.

f *p* *rit:*

Ma-gic hov-ers ev-ry-where; Hark to the shepherd's ev-en-song Rising thro' the trem-bling air.
-te Au frisson de l'air lé-ger; Entends le pa-tre qui chan-te A l'é-toi-le du ber-ger.

p

Fare - well, gold - en sun! Ah,
A - dieu, beau so - leil! Sa -

Ah, how brief his night will seem, Morn-ing soon will break a - bove;
Pour lui la nuit se-ra brè - ve Et ru-de se - ra le jour;

come! love - ly night!
 - lut, bel - le nuit!

Hea - ven send him a sweet dream,
 Que Dieu lui don - ne un beau rê - ve,

pp love - ly night! Ah, come! love - ly
pp bel - le nuit! Sa - lut, bel - le

Let him dream a vi - sion of love, a vi - sion of
 Lui - donne un rê - ve d'a - mour, un rê - ve d'a -

night! A - round us sha - dows throng, A -
 nuit! Au - tour de nous tout s'en - chan - te, Au -

love! A - round us sha - dows are throng - ing;
 - mour! Au - tour de nous tout s'enchan - te,

mf dolce.

-round us sha-dows throng; Hark! En -

-tour de nous tout s'enchante, *mf dolce.*

Hark! 'tis the shep-herd sing
En-tends le pâ-tre qui chan-

rit: f a tempo.

'tis the shep-herd sing-ing; May Hea-ven send him a sweet dream, a
-tends le pâ-tre qui chan-te; Que Dieu lui donne un beau rê-ve, un

rit: f a tempo.

ing;
-te; May Hea-ven send him a sweet dream, a
Que Dieu lui donne un beau rê-ve, un

p rit: f a tempo.

rit: a tempo.

dream of love
ré-ve d'a-mour!

rit: a tempo.

dream of love
ré-ve d'a-mour!

a tempo. dimin: p

New Songs by F. PAOLO TOSTI.

BARCAROLLE

I wait for thee, sweet love, to-night,
My boat is at thy stair;
The moon is full, the sea is bright,
And all the world is fair.
Come down and I will sing to thee,
And charm away thy fear;
Of love alone my song shall be,
For thee alone to hear!
Then float,
My boat,
Across the dim lagoon;
The night
Is bright,
And morning comes too soon;
Too soon
The moon
Will hide away her light;
Come down
And crown
With love the hours of night!

The night a million stars may know,
That tremble in the skies;
But faint and dim their light shall grow
When fair the moon doth rise!
Thou art my love, my life, sweetheart,
Come down and on me shine;
Let all the stars of heaven depart—
I care not, thou art mine!
Then float,
My boat,
Across the dim lagoon;
The night
Is bright,
And morning comes too soon;
Too soon
The moon
Will hide away her light;
Come down
And crown
With love the hours of night!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

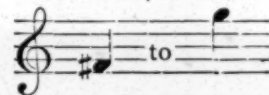
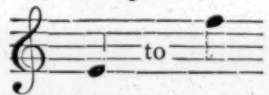
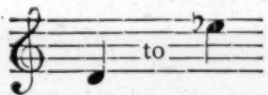
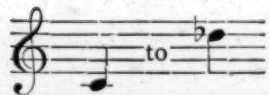
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(Original key.)
No. 3 in F.

No. 1 in D flat.

No. 2 in E flat.

No. 4 in G.



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MY DARLING

You meet me in the busy world, you hear the words I say,
And yet you cannot read my heart, it dwells so far away;
You see the light within my eyes, and yet you cannot tell
The beauteous vision of my soul, the dream I love so well.

You cannot see the radiant star I follow and adore,
You do not know the gentle light that guides me evermore,
You do not hear the tender song that echoes in my ears,
And fills my heart with melody, my eyes with happy tears.

It is the song, of all the world, the sweetest I have known,
It is my darling's voice that speaks, and speaks to me alone,
It is a star that waneth not, a dream that will not die,
It is the heart that clings to me, while all the world goes by.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

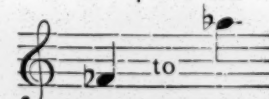
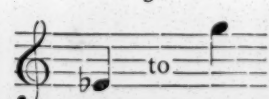
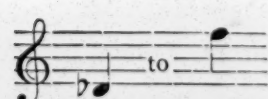
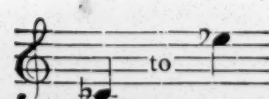
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